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UNIVERSITY SINGERS

OF
NEW ORLEANS.

A COLORED
DOUBLE QUARTETTE.

VOICES UNRIVALLED.

Pronounced the best Troupe now before the Public

*For Concerts Apply to W. D. Godman, 805 Broadway,
New York.*

PHILADELPHIA:
J. H. JOHNSON, PRINTER AND STATIONER,
No. 25 North Tenth Street.
1878.

The New Orleans University,

Chartered by the Legislature of Louisiana, and located at the corner of Camp and Race Streets, New Orleans, fronting Coliseum Park.

It has Four Professors and Three Assistants, with pupils numbering from 100 to 150, of both sexes, not exclusive of the white race, but practically limited to the colored race. It is conducted by the Freedmen's Aid Society of the M. E. Church.

The Orphans' Home of Louisiana,

Located at La Teche, La., in the Parish of St. Mary, has associated with it the La Teche Seminary, a high-grade school for colored youth.

The Orphans' Home Society of Louisiana,

is also Chartered by the State, and owns 1520 acres of Sugar land. The sugar mill was destroyed by explosion years ago. It became embarrassed by debts, which have nearly crushed it. But the Lord will save. The friends of Christ, who wish to aid, please forward contributions to

**W. D. GODMAN,
805 Broadway, N. Y.**

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University Singers,

OF

NEW ORLEANS.

ALEXANDER BROWN,	-	Second Basso.
JOSEPH DUPUY,	-	First Basso.
CHARLES DARDIS,	-	First Tenor.
GEORGE BENN,	-	Second Tenor.
Miss TILLIE JONES,	-	First Soprano.
" LIZZIE PARKER,	-	Second Soprano.
" CORA SMITH,	-	Second Alto.
" LIZZIE ROBINSON,	-	First Alto.

Wrestling Jacob.

Chorus:—

Wrestling Jacob, Jacob, day is a breaking,
Wrestling Jacob, Jacob, I will not let thee go.

1 Let me go, Jacob!
 I will not let thee go,
Let me go, Jacob,
 I will not let thee go.

2 Until thou bless me;
 I will not let thee go,
Until thou bless me,
 I will not let thee go.

*Chorus:—*Wrestling Jacob, &c.

3 I'll wrestle till the break of day;
 I will not let thee go,
I'll wrestle till the break of day;
 I will not let thee go

4 Until thou tell me what's thy name;
 I will not let thee go,
Until thou tell me what's thy name,
 I will not let thee go.

*Chorus:—*Wrestling Jacob, &c.

5 Until thou come and bless my soul,
 I will not let thee go;
Until thou come and bless my soul,
 I will not let thee go;

*Chorus:—*Wrestling Jacob, &c.

Walk Neat.

Sung only by New Orleans University Singers.

1 If you love God, children,
 Walk neat, walk neat,
If you love God, children,
 Walk neat, walk neat.
If you love God, children,
 Walk neat, walk neat,
And don't you leave me behind.

Chorus :—Oh, will you lead me to the Lamb?
 Oh, will you lead me to the Lamb?
 Oh, will you lead me to the Lamb?
 And don't you leave me behind.

2 If you want to see my Jesus,
 Walk neat, walk neat,
 If you want, &c., &c.

Chorus :—Oh, will you lead me, &c.

3 I'm a' gwine to see my Jesus,
 Walk neat, walk neat.
 I'm a' gwine, &c., &c.

Chorus :—Oh, will you lead me, &c.

4 I'se gwine to try on my robe a',
 Walk neat, walk neat.
 I'se gwine to try on, &c.,

Chorus :—Oh, will you lead me, &c.

5 I'se gwine to put on my crown a',
 Walk neat, walk neat.
 I'se gwine to put on, &c.

Chorus :—Oh, will you lead me, &c.

6 I'se gwine to put on my slippers,
 Walk neat, walk neat,
 I'se gwine to put on, &c.

Chorus :—Oh, will you lead me, &c.

My Way's Cloudy.

Chorus :—Oh brethren, my way's cloudy, my way;
 Go, send them angels down,
 Oh brethren, my way's cloudy, my way,
 Go, send them angels down.

1 There's fire in the east and fire in the west;
 Send them angels down,
 There's fire amongst the Methodists,
 Oh, send them angels down.

Chorus :—Oh, brethren, my way's, &c,

- 2 Ole Satan's mad and I am glad;
 Send them angels down,
 He's lost that soul he thought he had,
 Oh, send them angels down.

Chorus :—Oh, brethren, my way's, &c.

- 3 I tell you now as I told you before;
 Send them angels down,
 'To the promised land I'm boun' to go,
 Oh, Send them angels down.

Chorus :—Oh, brethren, my way's, &c.

- 4 This is the year of Jubilee;
 Send them angels down;
 The Lord has come and set us free,
 Oh, send them angels down.

Chorus :—Oh, brethren, my way's, &c.

View the Land.

- 1 What kind of shoes is them you wear,
 View the land; view the land,
 That you can walk upon the air,
 Go view the Heavenly land.

Cho.—It's way over Jordan,
 View the land, view the land,
 It's way over Jordan,
 Go view the Heavenly Land.

- 2 The shoes I wear are the Gospel shoes,
 View the land, view the land,
 And you may wear them if you choose,
 Go view the Heavenly Land.

Cho.—It's way over, &c.

- 3 You say you're aiming for the skies,
 View the land, view the land,
 Why don't you stop your telling lies,
 Go view the Heavenly Land.

Cho.—It's way over, &c.

- 4 You say your Jesus made you free,
View the land, view the land,
Why don't you let your neighbors be,
Go view the Heavenly Land.

Cho.—It's way over, &c.

- 5 The saints and angels there shall dwell,
View the land, view the land,
The hypocrites go down to hell,
Go view the Heavenly Land.

Cho.—It's way over, &c.

Turn Back Pharaoh's Army

- 1 Gwine to write to Massa Jesus,
To send some valiant soldiers,
To turn back Pharaoh's army, Hallelu.

Cho.—To turn back Pharaoh's army, Hallelujah,
To turn back Pharaoh's army, Hallelu.

- 2 If you want your souls converted,
You'd better be a prayin',
To turn back Pharaoh's army, Hallelu.

Cho.—To turn back Pharaoh's army, &c.

- 3 You say you are a soldier,
A fightin' for your Master,
To turn back Pharaoh's army, Hallelu.

Cho.—To turn back Pharaoh's army, &c.

- 4 When the children were in bondage,
They cried unto the Lord,
And turn'd back Pharaoh's army, Hallelu.

Cho.—And turn'd back Pharaoh's army, &c.

- 5 When Moses smote de water,
De children all pass'd over,
And turn d back Pharaoh's army, Hallelu.

Cho.—And turn'd back Pharaoh's army, &c.

- 6 When Pharaoh cross'd the water,
De waters came together,
And drown'd ole Pharaoh's army, Hallelu.

Cho.—And drown'd ole Pharaoh's army, &c.

Sooner in de Mornin'.

Sung only by New Orleans University Singers.

- 1 Gwine to ride up in de chariot,
 Sooner in de mornin',
 Ride up in de chariot,
 Sooner in de mornin',
 Ride up in de chariot,
 Sooner in de mornin',
 Hope I'll jine de band.

Cho.—Oh! Lord, have mercy on me;
 Oh, Lord, have mercy on me;
 Oh! Lord, have mercy on me;
 And, I hope I'll jine de band.

- 2 Gwine to meet my brudder there,
 Sooner in de mornin',
 Ride up, &c., &c.

Cho.—Oh! Lord, &c.

- 3 Gwine to walk and talk with Jesus,
 Sooner in de mornin',
 Ride up, &c., &c.

Cho.—Oh! Lord, &c.

- 4 Gwine to chatter wid de angels,
 Sooner in de mornin',
 Ride up, &c., &c.

Cho.—Oh! Lord, &c.

- 5 Gwine to meet de 'postles dar,
 Sooner in de mornin',
 Ride up, &c., &c.

Cho.—Oh! Lord, &c.

- 6 We all gwine to meet in Hebben,
 Sooner in de mornin',
 Ride up, &c., &c.

Cho.—Oh! Lord, &c.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

Cho.—Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

1 I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

Cho.—Swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

2 If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too.
Coming for to carry me home.

Cho.—Swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

3 The brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.

Cho.—Swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

4 I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound.
Coming for to carry me home.

Cho.—Swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

Putting on Airs.

Sung only by New Orleans University Singers.

*1 Oh, white folks! listen, will you now?
Dis darkey's gwine to sing;
I'se hit upon a subjeck now
I think am jes' de ting.

I nebber likes to mix at all
 In any one's affairs ;
 But my opinion am jes' not
 'Bout folks 'at puts on airs.

Cho.—Dere's no use talkin', no use talkin',
 'Tis so ebbery wheres,
 To do as folks o' de fashion do,
 You'se got to put on airs.

2 When a boy's about half-grown,
 Altho' he's nary red,
 Has lots o' hair 'round his mouth,
 But none upon his head.
 He'll patronize de tailor shop,
 Git trust for all he wears,
 And when he goes among de girls,
 My ! don't he put on airs ?

Cho.—Dere's no use talkin', &c.

3 When a girl's about sixteen,
 She 'gins to tink she's some,
 A fop 'at sports a big moustache,
 She kind o' likes to come.
 Two hours before de lookin' glass,
 To meet him she prepares,
 An' when she gits her fixin's on,
 My ! don't she put on airs ?

Cho.—Der's no use talkin', &c.

4 De politicianers, fust ob all,
 On 'lection day will stan' ;
 An' ebbery man 'at passes by,
 Will shake him by de han'.
 An' when he gits a good fat job,—
 For dat am all he cares,—
 He tinks himself some pumpkins den,
 My ! don't he put on airs ?

Cho.—Dere's no use talkin', &c.

Mary and Martha's Just Gone Along.

- 1 Mary and Martha's just gone along,
Mary and Martha's just gone along,
Mary and Martha's just gone along,
To ring a' those charming bells.

Crying, free grace and dying love,
Free grace and dying love,
Free grace and dying love,
To ring a' those charming bells.

Cho.—Oh, it's way over Jordan, Lord;
Way over Jordan, Lord;
Way over Jordan, Lord,
To ring a' those charming bells.

- 2 De preacher and de elder's just gone long,
De preacher, &c., &c.,
Crying, free grace and dying love,
Free grace, &c., &c.,

Cho.—Oh, it's way over Jordan, Lord, &c.

- 3 My fadder and my mudder's just gone along,
My fadder, &c., &c.,
Crying free grace and dying love,
Free grace, &c., &c.,

Cho.—Oh, it's way over Jordan, Lord, &c.

- 4 De Methodis' and Baptis' just gone along,
De Methodis', &c., &c.,
Crying, free grace and dying love,
Free grace, &c., &c.

Cho.—Oh, it's way over Jordan, Lord, &c.

He's the Lord of Lords.

Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords,
And the King of kings,
Why Jesus Christ is the first and the last,
No one can work like Him.

1 I will not let you go, my Lord;
No one can work like Him,
Until you come and bless my soul,
No one can work like Him.

Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, &c.

2 For Paul and Silas bound in jail,
No one can work like Him,
The Christians prayed both night and day,
No one can work like Him.

Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, &c.

3 I wish those mourners would believe,
No one can work like Him,
That Jesus is ready to receive,
No one can work like Him.

Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, &c.

De Ole Ark's a Movin'.

Improved by New Orleans University Singers.

1 Jes' wait a little while, I'm gwine to tell ye 'bout de
ole ark,

Refrain :—De ole ark's a movin', move along children,
De ole ark's a movin', move along.

2 De Lor' tole Noah for to build Him an ark.

Refrain :—De ole ark's a movin', &c.

3 Den Noah and his sons went to work upon de dry land,

Refrain :—De ole ark's a movin', &c.

Dey built dat ark jes' accordin' to de command,
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

4 Noah and his sons went to work upon de timber,
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

De proud begin to laugh, and de silly pint de finger,
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

5 When de ark was finish'd jes' accordin' to de plan,
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

Massa Noah took his fam'ly, both animal and man,
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

6 Dey say Brudder Noah was a foolish ole man,
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

For to build dat ark right on de dry land,
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

7 When de rain begin to fall and de ark begin to rise,
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

De wicked hung aroun' wid der groans and der cries,
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

8 Forty days and forty nights the rain it kep' a fallin',
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

De wicked clumb de trees and for help dey kep' a callin'.

De ole ark's a movin', &c.

9 Dat awful rain, she stopped at las'; de waters dey subsided,
De ole ark's a movin', &c.

An' dat ole ark wid all on board, on Ararat she rided.

De ole ark's a movin', &c.

10 De waters run down from de mountains to de plain,

De ole ark's a movin', &c.

De Raven went a huntin' an' de Dove do de same.

De ole ark's a movin', &c.

11 Massa Noah raise de window, and look out for to see,

De ole ark's a movin', &c.

De raven in de mud and de fishes in de tree,

De ole ark's a movin', &c.

12 When de lan' it was dry, and de sun it did shine,

De ole ark's a movin', &c.

Fadder Noah and his fam'ly dey all feel fine,

De ole ark's a movin', &c.

Hard Trials.

1 Been a list'ning all de night along,
 Been a list'ning all de day,
 Been a list'ning all de night long,
 For to hear some sinner pray.

Cho.—Was'nt dem hard trials, tribulation,

Was'nt dem hard trials!

I'm boun' to leave a' dis world.

2 How lost was my condition!
 Till Jesus made me whole;
 Dere is but me Physician
 Can cure de sin-sick soul.

Cho.—Was'nt dem hard trials, &c.

- 3 An angel came from heaven ;
 He came tree times a day,
 To hoist those diamond winders,
 For to hear brother Daniel pray.

Cho.—Was'nt dem hard trials, &c.

- 4 Into de fiery furnace,
 De Hebrew children went,
 An' unto dem an angel
 From de heavenly host was sent.

Cho.—Was'nt dem hard trials, &c.

- 5 Some say dat John de Baptis'
 Was nothing but a Jew,
 But de Holy Bible tells us,
 'At John was a preacher too.

Cho.—Was'nt dem hard trials, &c.

- 6 You may go dis way, you may go dat way,
 You may go from do'ah to do'ah,
 But if ye ain't got religion right in yer heart,
 De Devil's gwine to get you, sure.

Cho.—Was'nt dem hard trials, &c.

- 7 De hypocrites, de sunny-sides,
 Dey live among the swine,
 Dey go to God wid der tongue and teeth,
 But dey leave der hearts behin'.

Cho.—Was'nt dem hard trials, &c.

- 8 Oh Methodis', Methodis' is my name,
 A Methodis' till I die ;
 I got baptized in a Baptist Church.
 An' I died on de Methodis' side.

Cho.—An' was'nt them hard trials, &c.

King Emmanuel.

1 Oh, who do you call de King Emmanuel?

I call my Jesus, King Emmanuel.

Oh, who do you call de Kind Emmanuel?

I call my Jesus King Emmanuel.

CHORUS.—Oh de King Emmanuel is a mighty Manuel,

I call my Jesus, King Emmanuel.

2 Oh, some call Him Jesus, but I call Him Lord;

I call my Jesus, King Emmanuel,

Let's talk about de hebben, and de hebben's fine
tings.

I call my Jesus, King Emmanuel.

CHO.—Oh, de King Emmanuel, &c.

3 O steady, steady, a little while;

I call my Jesus, King Emmanuel,

I will tell you what my Lord done for me.

I call my Jesus, King Emmanuel.

CHO.—Oh, de King Emmanuel, &c.

4 He pluck-a my feet out de miry clay,

I call my Jesus, King Emmanuel;

He sot dem a-on de firm Rock o' Age;

I call my Jesus, King Emmanuel.

CHO.—Oh, de King Emmanuel, &c.

Jesus, He Mourns for Me.

Sung only by New Orleans University Singers.

Prelude. —

(*Soprano*) children! oo,oo—oo,oo —(*with closed lips*,)

(*Bass*) —Who dat a' mournin' soul?

(*All*) — My heart so hard, I cannot mourn,

Jesus, He mourns for me!

Children! oo,oo—oo,oo—

Who dat a' mournin' soul?

My heart so hard, I cannot mourn,

Jesus, He mourns for me.

C'ho.—Brethren, land on de shore,

Brethren, land on de shore,

Brethren, land on de shore,

God Almighty bless forever more.

- 1 De moon ran down, wide de purple stream,
De sun forbear to shine,
An, ebbery star, it disappear'd,
King Jesus shall be mine.

Prelude and Chorus.—

- 2 De wind blew east, de wind blew west,
It blew like de Judgment Day,
An, ebbrey poor soul 'at did not pray,
'Ad better pray dat day.

Prelude and Chorus.—

- 3 I set my foot on de Gospel ship,
De ship began to sail,
It landed me on de Canaan shore,
And nebber came back no more.

Prelude and Chorus.—

Judgment Day is Rolling Around.

CHORUS.—Judgment, judgment, judgment day is rolling
around,
Judgment, judgment, Oh, how I long to go.

- 1 I'se a good ole mudder, in de Heaven, my Lord,
 How I long to go dar too.
 I'se a good ole mudder, in de Heaven, my Lord,
 Oh, how I long to go.

CHO.—Judgment, &c.

- 2 Dere's no backsliders in de Heaven, my Lord,
 How I long to go dar too.
 Dere's no backsliders in de Heaven, my Lord,
 How I long to go.

CHO.—Judgment, &c.

- 3 King Jesus sitting in de heaven, my Lord,
 How I long to go dar too,
 King Jesus sitting in de heaven, my Lord.
 Oh, how I long to go.

CHO.—Judgment, &c.

- 4 Dere's a big camp-meetin' in de Heaven, my Lord,
 How I long to go dar too,
 Dere's a big camp-meetin' in de Heaven, my Lord,
 Oh, how I long to go.

CHO.—Judgment, &c.

We're all Here, Do Thyself a' no Harm.

Sung only by New Orleans University Singers,

- 1 For Paul and Silas bound in jail,
 Do thyself a' no harm,
 De Christians pray'd both night and day,
 Do thyself a' no harm.

CHORUS.—We're all here, we're all here,
 Do thyself a' no harm,
 Wer'e all here, we're all here,
 Do thyself a' no harm.

- 2 What make ole Satan tempt me so?
 Do thyself a' no harm,
 He had me fast, but he let me go,
 Do thyself a' no harm;

CHO.—We're all here, &c.

- 3 As I went down in de valley to pray,
 Do thyself a' no harm,
 I met ole Satan on de way,
 Do thyself a' no harm.

CHO.—We're all here, &c.

- 4 He says your Jesus is dead, and your God's gone away,
 Do thyself a' no harm.
 For I was at de funeral de odder day,
 Do thyself a' no harm.

CHO.—We're all here, &c.

- 5 Ole Satan's like a huntin' dog,
 Do thyself a' no harm.
 He hunts de Christian home and abroad,
 Do thyself a' no harm.

CHO.—We're all here, &c.

- 6 De brethrens thought that Paul was lost,
 Do thyself a' no harm.
 But the dungeon shook and his chains fell off,
 Do thyself a' no harm.

CHO.—We're all here, &c.

This Old Time Religion.

CHORUS. — Oh ! this old time religion ;
 This old time religion ;
 This old time religion ;
 Its good enough for me.

1 It is good for the mourner ;
 It is good for the mourner ;
 It is good for the mourner ;
 Its good enough for me.

2 It is good when you're in trouble ;
 It is good when you're in trouble ;
 It is good when you're in trouble ;
 It's good enough for me.

3 It is good when you're a' dying ;
 It is good when you're a' dying ;
 It is good when you're a' dying ;
 It's good enough for me.

4 It will carry you home to Heaven ;
 It will carry you home to Heaven ;
 It will carry you home to Heaven ;
 It's good enough for me.

5 It brought me out of bondage ;
 It brought me out of bondage ;
 It brought me out of bondage ;
 It's good enough for me.

The Gospel Train.

- 1 The Gospel train is coming
 I hear it just at hand,
 I hear the car wheels moving,
 And rumbling through the land.

CHORUS.—Get on board children,
 Get on board children,
 Get on board children,
 For there's room for many-a-more.

- 2 I hear the bells and whistle,
 They're coming around the curve,
 She's playing all her steam and power,
 And straining every nerve.

CHO.—Get on board children, &c.

- 3 No signal for another train,
 To follow on the line,
 Oh! sinner, you're forever lost,
 If once you're left behind.

CHO.—Get on board children, &c.

- 4 This is the Christian banner,
 The motto's new and old,
 Salvation and repentance
 Are burnished there in Gold.

CHO.—Get on board children, &c.

- 5 She's nearing now the station,
 Oh sinner don't be vain,
 But come and get your ticket
 And be ready for the train.

CHO.—Get on board children, &c.

- 6 The fare is cheap, and all can go,
 The rich and the poor are there;
 No second class on board the train,
 No difference in the fare.

CHO.—Get on board children, &c.

Steal Away.

CHORUS.—Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus ;
 Steal away, steal away home,
 I hain't got long to stay here.

- 1 My Lord calls me ;
 He calls me by the thunder ;
 The trumpet sounds it in my soul,
 I hain't got long to stay here.

CHO.—Steal away, &c.

- 2 Green trees are drying ;
 Poor sinners stand a trembling ;
 The trumpet sounds it in my soul,
 I hain't got long to stay here.

CHO.—Steal away, &c.

- 3 My Lord calls me ;
 He calls me by the lightning ;
 The trumpet sounds it in my soul,
 I hain't got long to stay here.

CHO.—Steal away, &c.

- 4 Tombstones are bursting,
 Poor sinners you're a' trembling ;
 The trumpet sounds it in my soul,
 I hain't got long to stay here.

CHO.—Steal away, &c.

- 5 My Lord calls me ;
 The angels stand a beck'ning ;
 The trumpet sounds in my soul,
 I hain't got long to stay here.

CHO.—Steal away, &c.

Roll, Jordan, Roll.

CHORUS.—Roll, Jordan, roll,
Roll, Jordan, roll.
I want to go to heaven when I die,
To hear Jordan roll.

1 Oh, brothers, you ought to 'a been there,
Yes, my Lord!
A sitting in the kingdom,
To hear Jordan roll.

CHO.—Roll, Jordan, roll, &c.

2 Oh, preachers, you ought to 'a been there, &c.
CHO. — Roll, Jordan, roll, &c.

3 Oh, sinners, you ought to 'a been there, &c.
CHO.—Roll, Jordan, roll, &c.

4 Oh, mourners you ought to 'a been there, &c.
CHO.—Roll, Jordan, roll, &c.

5 Oh, seekers, you ought to 'a been there, &c.
CHO.—Roll, Jordan, roll, &c.

6 Oh, mothers, you ought to 'a been there, &c.
CHO.—Roll, Jordan, roll, &c.

7 Oh, children, you ought to 'a been there, &c.
CHO.—Roll, Jordan, roll, &c.

Nobody knows de Trouble I see, Lord.

Cho.—Nobody know de trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows de trouble I see,
Nobody knows de trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus.

- 1 Brothers will you pray for me,
 Brothers will you pray for me,
 Brothers will you pray for me,
 And help me to drive old Satan away.

Cho.—Nobody knows de trouble I see, Lord, &c.

- 2 Sisters, will you pray for me, &c.

Cho.—Nobody knows de trouble I see, Lord, &c.

- 3 Mothers, will you pray for me, &c.

Cho.—Nobody knows de trouble I see, Lord, &c.

- 4 Preachers, will you pray for me, &c.

Cho.—Nobody knows de trouble I see, Lord, &c.

March On.

- 1 Way over in de Egypt land,
 You shall gain de victory,
 Way over in de Egypt land,
 You shall gain de day.

Chorus.—March on, and you shall gain de victory,
 March on, and you shall gain de day.

- 2 When Peter was fishin' in de sea,
 You shall gain de victory,
 He dropped his net and he followed Me,
 You shall gain de day.

Cho.—March on, &c.

- 3 When Peter was a walkin' on de lake,
 You shall gain de victory,
 He sank, and he called on de Lord for help,
 You shall gain de day.

Cho.—March on, &c.

- 4 When Peter was a preachin' at de Pentecost,
You shall gain de victory,
He was baptized wid de Holy Ghost,
You shall gain de day.

Cho.—March on, &c.

- 5 When de Lord, He standin' on de mountain top,
You shall gain de victory,
King Jesus speaks, and de chariot stop,
You shall gain de day.

Cho.—March on, &c.



BY SENDING

J. H. JOHNSON.

No. 25 North Tenth Street,

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